

FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

MILITARY GAZETTE

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A Fling at the Fashions.

BY A RETIRED BENEDICT.

Mr. Patrick O'Rourke, from the city of Cork, Was an Irishman stately and tall, As ever played rub at a bachelor's club, Or danced at a bachelor's ball.

His eyes they were as bright as the stars in the night, When Phoebe has gone to repose; And they winked from his face with a comical grace, At the tip of his jolly red nose.

His elegant shape, of needles and tape, Exhibited manliness rare, And the ladies exclaimed, with a blush, half ashamed, "He'd be handsome with nothing to wear."

But his garments, alas! like a window of glass, Were sadly transparent to view; And of means to repair, he had little to spare, Because he had "nothing to do."

Full many a chap, under kindred mishap, Has sought the advice of a friend; But Pat knew full well that his friends would reprobate a man who has nothing to spend.

Overcome by his woe and a toddy or so, He chose a most desperate course, And married a maid, though sadly afraid Of babies, scratched face and divorce.

"This better," quoth he, in a moment of glee, "To marry a fortune, I think, Than live in the street, and have nothing to eat, With plenty of nothing to drink."

Now, I blush while I tell you of a thing that befel As Paddy was going to bed, Oh the night of the day, when, as chronicles say, Himself and his Bridget were wed.

His beautiful bride, soft confusion to hide, Her garments commenced to unhook, And she shook to excess, while discarding her dress, With a whisper, "plaze Pat, don't look!"

Like a beast in his stall, Paddy turned to the wall, And listened with painful surprise, To a rustling and rush, like the sound of a bush, By a hurricane borne to the skies.

An hour sped away with its kindred to play, But still the strange bustle went on, Till Paddy grew bolder, and peeped over his shoulder, To mark if his penance was done.

Ye Gods! what a sight, by the glance of the light, Was duly exposed to his gaze, And made him cry out, with a terrible shout, "Be jabers! I'm all in amaze!"

Standing there, hanging there, on couch, and over chair, Like huts in an Indian town, Were the huge noddies thing, which a fair lady swings Beneath the broad folds of a gown.

An hundred there stood, of the crinoline brood, In towering and strong battlements; While a full set of teeth, and a wig placed beneath Were on the pier table displayed.

And numberless bags, full of cotton and rags, Were scattered about on the floor, In shape and in crest, to the matronly breast A shocking resemblance they bore.

The husband looked on, but his Bridget was gone, Dissolved into separate parts, And nought could give life to his fragments of a wife, But a master of womanly arts.

He looked for a while, with a horrid smile, At the fabrics below and above, And railed at the fashion, with a hideous passion, That left him nothing to love.

"I'm sorry," said Pat, with a twirl of his hat, "I'm safe for the roughest of weather: And as the self fell apart of herself, I'll be hanged if I put her together."

Then he took the loose clothes, ere he went to repose, And placed them in crinoline bags, Resolved on the morrow, when freed from his sorrow, To sell them for metal and rags.

My story is finished, my hero hath vanished, As spectres glide off in the play, And if with the moral, my readers should quarrel, Why then I have—nothing to say.

NEW YORK HARBOR POLICE.—The New York Harbor Police entered upon their duties, March 9. The force consists of twenty-five men, commanded by a captain and two lieutenants. Their boats are five in number, painted black, of uniform size, 25 feet 4 inches long, 44 feet wide, and 21 inches deep. Each boat carries four men and a coxswain. The force, which is composed of healthy, athletic men, well versed in water-craft, wear a uniform. The oarsmen are armed with Colt's navy (long range) pistols, and clubs, and the coxswains with revolvers and cutlasses. Each boat is furnished with rockets and red lights, so that in a chase they can bring the other boats to head off the fugitives.

A Love Story.

Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury—a husband ditto, I suppose; but that determinant class of human beings denominated 'lovers,' are terrible bores. It does very well for a woman to blush and look flustered now and then, when occasion makes it desirable; but to see a man with his face as red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong mindedness, self-reliance, and masculine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the toe of his boot to the top of his shirt-collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into convulsions, in the vain attempt to say something sweet—O gracious!

So said saucy Sophie Lynn aloud to herself as she sat swinging backwards and forwards before the window, half-buried in the cushions of a luxurious arm-chair, and playing with a delicate ivory fan that lay upon her lap.

"It always seems so strange, not to say tiresome," she continued, with a running, musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poetry and talked nonsense, with anybody until one is puzzled to know which of the two is most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come plump down on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintanceship? For my part I never had a lover (here Sophie flattered her fan and looked pleased, for she had more than one), that I wasn't sick of after he had proposed. There was Capt. Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in my whole circle of acquaintances, until he went on his knees to me and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins—he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long-winded adjectives! and how the poor fellow blushed, and puffed, and perspired! He called me an 'adorable creature,' and hiccupped in the middle of 'adorable.'"

"Horror! I have detested him ever since. Then there was a—"

Here Sophie started. She heard the door bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a hasty tidy comical.

"I won't do to seem interested," she said, as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump, jewelled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back on her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face.

"Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

The girl disappeared, and Sophie flung open the window, that the cool, fresh air might fan away the extra rosin from her complexion. Then she went to the door, and after composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the parlor.

A smile broke over her features, and she reached out both her hands to her guest; but, as if recollecting herself, drew them back again, and with a formal bow of recognition, she passed him and seated herself in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind, either not to be pleased, or not to please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming? that a presentiment of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had not elapsed before that Harry Ainslee's hand and fortune, (which latter, by the way, was nothing wonderful), were in the same place where Captain Morris's and Dr. Wilkins' had been before.

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie emphatically from behind her fan, as she sat blushing, and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the straightforward, gallant speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He had ought to do penance for the pretty way of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry. "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable as last. Sister Kate, who had come to know the true solution of the mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give Harry up forever seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry. "I have something of importance to tell you."

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to tell me so?—and if you do not, am I not, at least worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, and made her lover's heart bound with rapture; for the whole depths of her being were stirred and drawn towards him as they never before had been to any man.

But she could not quite give up her railway then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp, with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignation words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length, as she paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous—it is just, to trifle with me so? to turn into ridicule the emotions of a heart that offers you its most reverent affections?"

"I have loved you, because under this volatile, surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly feeling, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was fortunate to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat me so scornfully, you are less than the noble woman that I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands as though it were dross and staking it all upon an idle caprice!

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile wreathed her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there's Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attentions to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot fiery, indignant blood dashing in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast as if to keep his heart from bursting with his uprising indignation—his lips compressed, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop too much to your cup of sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared, had you known his sensitive nature.

Not till he was gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good-bye," and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had him beside her one short moment longer.

"Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again within twenty-four hours, and as important as ever," she muttered to herself as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh, that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went down the long street, or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds, with such a wistful look, as he disappeared, it might have been his turn to tremble.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and acted accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mamma began to suggest delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate. "The poor, dear child was getting so thin," in vain. Sophie protested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa bought dainty gifts, and piled up costly dresses behind his pet. A faint smile, or abstracted "thank you," was his only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringlet head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie, Sophie among the rest.

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Running swiftly along the garden path, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on a low seat, buried her head among the cool vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and an arm was twisted tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand laid caressingly on her drooping head.

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I—"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle soothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quarrelled two or three weeks ago. I was wild and rude, just as it was natural for me to be, and he got very angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, for he hasn't been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Kate pitied her.

"I wouldn't have owned it to anybody if it hadn't been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes, "but I do think I love him almost as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and a fighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued, "asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and so I answered him as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor, and I was rich, and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him, than in the grandest palace in the world with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate, you are much better than I am, and you never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't!" And poor Sophie wept away.

"Look up, dear, and I'll tell you," Sophie did look up, with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped from the arbor—not of sister Kate, but Harry Ainslee!

Sophie declares to this day, that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Harry Ainslee nearly two years.

Press a friend, if I have been announced to me by my young friends, that you were about forming a fine company, I have called you together to give you each directions as long experience in a first quality engine company qualifies me to communicate.

The moment you hear an alarm of fire, scream like a powder. Run away as you except the right way, for the farthest way round is the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on the top of a wood pile, so much the better, you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breeze is blowing, you can break it immediately, but be sure you don't go into a bow window. Keep yelling all the time and if you don't make night loud enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling too; it will help them amazingly. A brace of cats dragged upstairs by the tail, would be a powerful auxiliary. When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, draw salt on it, or, if you can't do that, perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump-handle and pound it down. Don't forget to yell all the while, as it will have a prodigious effect in frightening the fire. The louder the better, of course, and the more ladies in the vicinity, the greater the necessity for doing it brown. Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in earnest, and make any man smoke that interrupts you. If it is summer and there are fruit trees in the lot, cut them down, to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. Don't forget to yell! Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse he'll be alive and kicking, and if his legs don't do their duty, let them pay for the meat. Ditto as to the hogs; let them save their bacon or smoke for for it. When the roof begins to burn, get a crow-bar and pry away the stone steps; or, if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up. Next cut away the washboards in the basement story and if that don't stop the flames, let the chin boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the young element still pursue the even tenor of its way, you had better ascend to the second story. Pick out the pitchers, and tumble out the tumblers. Yell all the time!

If you find a baby dead, fling it into the second story window of the house across the street; but let the kitten down carefully in a work-basket. Then draw out the bureau drawers, and empty the contents out of the back window, telling somebody to upset the slop-bucket and rain water-hoghead at the same time. Of course you will attend to the mirror. The farther it can be thrown the more pieces it will make. If any body objects, smash it over their head. Do not, under any circumstances, drop the tongue down from the second story; the fall might break its legs and render the poor thing a cripple for life. Set it straddle of your shoulders and carry it down carefully. Pile the bedclothes carefully on the floor and throw the crockery out of the window. By the time you will have attended to these things, the fire will certainly have been arrested, or the building be burnt down. In either case your services will be no longer needed, and you require no further directions.

AN OLD WOMAN.—Mrs. Winnie Laster, died at Jacksonville, Florida, aged 150 years.

Nat Harrison.

OR THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM LAWRENCE.

"In early days old Nat Harrison was elected to the Legislature from this county," said an old fellow, as we were all seated around the stove in the little hotel, at McLeansborough, Hamilton County, Illinois.

"Old Nat was a regular old brick. He was elected because there was no one to run against him. Our county was rather bad off for intelligent people in those days. A few days after old Nat had gone to Springfield to attend to the duties of his office, I happened to be there also, on some little business of a private character, and thinking he would be glad to hear from the folks at home, I concluded to call on him at the Prairie, and inquire after his health."

"I've been well, Tom," said he, but I got awfully scared the first night I staid in this darned place."

"How was that?" I inquired.

"Well," said Nat, "I'll tell you all about it. You see that fellow there behind the counter—the fellows here call him the host—well, I told him I wanted to see my bed, so I'd know where to sleep when I'd come in after a while. He took me up stairs to a little room, and said I could sleep there, and then he went down. I took good notice of it—brown door with yellow streaks here and there and a white yearthen lock handle. I started down a thinkin' about this, and I would not look at any other door, for fear I'd kinder get 'em mixed in my head, and forget which was mine."

About twelve o'clock that night I came in with a half-grown' hummin' in my head, and the very first thing I found at the top of the stairs was my own identical door, with the yellow streaks and white lock handle. "Good!" says I, and I in lumber. I walks up to the bed, and what do you think? Why I found one of your long legged, black whiskered town fellows in it fast asleep. I takes him by the beard, rears him up on his end, gave him a double smack; tells him to leave as quick as double triggers or I'd be cussed if I wouldn't kick him down stairs; tells him I don't want to do it further, for I am a member of the Legislature, the Representative from Hamilton, but if I get to fighting he'd find me to be a whole town. The fellow looked utterly scared and without saying a word he got up very humble like and started for his dry goods, which hung on a chair up in one corner. I set down the light and began to undress; and says I to him, draw on them duds and toddle from here, or I'll be cussed if I—(turning round to look fierce at him) sees him a corin' at me with one of the drool driestest butchers knives in the whole world. Well, thought I, Nat, you've got yourself in a close place, by jingo! and so we began to lumber around the room like the very nation. Here I went and here he come. At last I got between him and the door, and out I shot.

"This beats all," said I; Representatives to the Legislature treated in this way. I went down stairs and told the fellow behind the counter that some cuss was in my room."

"No, I guess not," said he, "perhaps there is some mistake, yours is No. 8."

"Thanks I, perhaps there may be some mistake, and so I goes back. When I got to the top of the stairs I began to count at the first door, and until I had counted eight. I found that they all looked just exactly alike. I then opened the eighth door and went in, feeling certain that it was the one I picked out for me. A candle was burning on the table, by the light of which I saw that some person was in bed. Not feeling inclined to kick up another muss I concluded to crawl in with him and say nothing about it. In a very short time I was in bed and ready to go to sleep. I had not been in bed long before the door opened, and a young man and woman came into the room and took seats by the candle stand."

"Something else on hand, Nat, thought I to myself, but let 'em rip."

"They looked very serious at first, but finally they wore off, and they got to chatting very lovingly, and to huggin' and kissin' a little. I was delighted with the performance, and thought the fellow in bed with me ought to see and enjoy the fun too, so I whispered to him:

"Say, Captain—old hoss, just look up."

"They both started up, like a shoken mill had touched 'em and they seemed to be orfully scared, till the gal said, 'it was only the wind blowing against the window.'"

"They soon got to huggin' and kissin' again, and as I could not rouse my friend I thought I'd just have a little fun to myself."

"Slips," says I, just as they were fetching their lips together, and up they sprung like lightning and sloped for the door, but as fortune would have it, the young fellow had dropped the key, and he couldn't get out."

"Never mind, said I, it's fun for me as well as you. I love to see such things going on."

"This seemed to scare them more than ever. It was rich—too rich to enjoy alone, and I determined to wake my bed-fellow, I slapped him on the chin—it was as cold as ice!"

"Thunder and St. Louis, Nat, said I, you're in bed with a dead man, and without waiting to consider the matter I sprung to the floor. The youngsters gave a loud squall, fetched against the door, and I pitched with them, which resulted in smashin' the darned thing open. Without waiting for ceremony or formalities we all bolted for the stairs. Hearing the racket the landlord who occupied a room still further back came

bolting after us. Catching a glimpse of him, I took him to be the dead man, and so put more steam on, and ran close in the wake of the lovers. I could not pass them, however, for they were frightened out of their senses, having no idea but I was the deceased in close pursuit. In this condition we all tumbled promiscuously down stairs to the bar room.

How my Uncle John got rich.

My uncle John is a queer, grim old fellow of fifty odd, and a confirmed old bachelor, with here and there a gray hair silvers his locks of glossy black, and an occasional wrinkle on his broad, high forehead. He must have been handsome when he was young; and there still lingers around his face a kind of pleasing expression, which is at the same time inclined to make me fear, rather than admire or love him. Tall and robust, healthy and vigorous, he is a regular "old fogey," and adheres to ancient customs with an almost unaccountable tenacity.

He talks but little, has no associates, walks about as if he realized nothing passing around him, and in company is taciturn and reserved. There is always a chilling aspect about him, and I remember when I was a child, how I used to tremble when he would put me on the head, in his occasional visits to our home. But, let me whisper in your ear a moment—my uncle is very wealthy, and since I have become old enough to understand such things, my father has shewn me, in a clear and logical manner, that we, being his only relatives, must take particular pains to please him; and so we do.

But I am forgetting my story. I often go to see Uncle John in his bachelor sanctum—only a few minutes walk from our house; and he seems to like me quite well; in fact, he talks more freely with me than any one else, and loses a little of his habitual reserve when I am with him. A few evenings since I started out for a walk, but the sweeping wind, and piercing cold soon drove me to uncle's fourth-story attic room. I found him sitting by his glowing wood fire, apparently drowned in thought, with an open daguerreotype in his hand, at which he was gazing earnestly and longingly; and perhaps I am mistaken, but I really thought I saw a tear-drop glistening in the depths of his dark, gray eye.

He did not seem to notice my coming, but still sat in profound silence, gazing at the picture, until, becoming tired of the idle, uninteresting, without thought, I suddenly asked—

"Uncle John, how did you get rich?"

He started violently; the picture fell to the floor, and for a moment his face wore a look of such exquisite anguish that I would have given words to take back what I had said; but it passed

